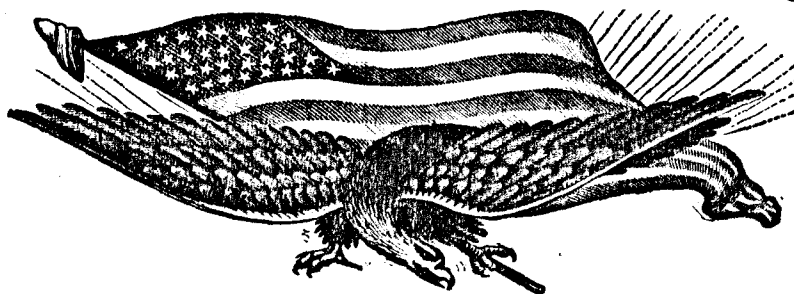


# NATIONAL DEAF MUTE GAZETTE.



A MONTHLY JOURNAL FOR ALL.

Vol. II.

BOSTON, MASS, DECEMBER, 1868.

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## THE National Deaf Mute Gazette

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### ANATOLE.

#### Chap. XV.

The remark of Madame de Nangis concerning the secret of Anatole returned so often to the mind of Valentine that at last it seemed entirely obvious to her, and she was astonished at herself for having so soon abandoned those measures by which she might have obtained certain information as to what she desired farther to know of Anatole. Therefore, rejecting as unsuitable all other projects which suggested themselves, she went one morning to the opera, and under pretext of hiring a box for the year, desired that in which she, for the first time, had seen Anatole. The reply was that the box was engaged, but that the Spanish Ambassador would undoubtedly have the politeness to relinquish it when *Son Excellence* was

apprised that it was the Marquise de Saverny who desired it. Valentine insisted that such an indiscreet request should not be made of l'ambassadeur and forbade positively any mention of her name in connection with the subject. The clerk charged with letting the boxes having in view only the interests of his department, promised faithfully to conform to the orders of the Marquise while planning how to disobey them. Scarcely had she departed when he wrote to L'intendant del'Ambassadeur relating all that he had promised not to mention, adding some of the questions which had escaped from the curiosity of Valentine and concluding by offering Son Excellence the choice of two other boxes facing his, and, as he assured him, more desirable.

The Duke of Moras responded immediately, and Valentine, meeting him some days after with the Prince de L—, was much astonished when he came to thank her for having given him an opportunity of doing an agreeable thing in giving up to her his box at the opera.

"It will be much better occupied," added he, "and I am sure of the gratitude of my former neighbors. What an agreeable surprise it will be to them when they see such a lovely being taking the place of their old diplomat!"

Valentine, shocked at the indiscretion committed in her name, defended herself with so much warmth that she failed to justify herself. Her agitation in listening to the Duke de Moras, her indignation against the clerk whom she threatened to have punished for his impertinence, and in a word, the vexation which one always experiences in consequence of an imprudent step, altogether gave her the air of one who fears detection. It was, apparently, a very natural caprice which induced her desire for the box occupied by the Duke de Moras, and it seemed rather singular that she should so earnestly seek to excuse herself, and each attributed the motive which appeared most probable. It is thus in the world that the extent of a folly is often measured by the greater or less anxiety with which one exculpates himself.

Most happily for Valentine the Princess interrupted the excuses and thanks which she was addressing to the Duke de Moras by saying,—

"Come, madame, and see the pretty present which I have just received!" and she conducted the marquise toward a table upon which she saw a Spanish jasmin of rare beauty. In shape resembling the orange tree, its slender stock was covered with a profusion of flowers.

Valentine admitted that she had never beheld its equal, although her taste for flowers had led her to seek for the rare and beautiful, and the conservatories of the Chateau Saverny were remarkable for their completeness.

From the modest air of the Duke on seeing every one admire this plant, Valentine imagined that it was he who had presented it and complimented him. In reply he acknowledged that he had received it from one of his friends who had obtained it from Spain and that he did not think that any so fine were to be found in France.

On leaving the mansion of the Princess, Madame de Saverny repaired to that of the Presidente de C— where she was to meet Madame de Nangis. There the remainder of the day was passed, and when Valentine returned home the first object which met her sight was a jessamine similar to the one she had admired the same morning in the saloon of the Princesse de L—. She recognized even the vase which contained it, and did not doubt for an instant that the Princesse had sacrificed it to her. In order to assure herself she inquired of her *femme de chambre* whence it came, but Mademoiselle Cecile, who could always appear ignorant of what she did not wish to say, replied that two men whom she supposed to be gardeners had deposited it in the ante-chamber, requesting that it should be placed near the bed of Madame. This reply confirmed Valentine in the idea that the Princesse, having remarked her admiration for the plant had deprived herself of it for her sake. It was in her estimation one indiscretion more to accept it, yet, how refuse an offering made with so much delicacy? After having keenly reproached herself for all her inconsiderate words and actions for several days, Valentine resolved that she would go the next morning to the Princesse to thank her for her kind attention, and to beg her in the name of the Ambassadeur, whom she had already deprived of his box, to retain the flowers which he had taken such pleasure in presenting to her.

The Princesse was still in bed when the Marquise arrived. A *valet de chambre* was despatched to inquire whether she would be visible while Madame de Saverny went into the saloon to await her reply. Her surprise may be imagined when she beheld upon the table of the Princesse the jessamine which she had seen there the day before. Unable to explain this new mystery she sought for another motive for a visit. For, without accounting to herself for the sentiment which restrained her, she would not mention the present which she had received before discovering to whom she was obliged for it. She was yet puzzling herself for a reasonable pretext when she was informed that the Princesse awaited her. She entered with the embarrassment of one who does not know what she is about to say. The Princesse did not perceive this, and dispelled her confusion by exclaiming,—

"I suspect what gives me the pleasure of seeing you so early, my dear Valentine; you know what was said here yesterday evening, and how much I am grieved by your silence. To allow me to learn the news of your approaching marriage only from report you must acknowledge is treating me with little confidence and that my friendship deserves better of you."

The Princesse added so many polite reproaches that she gave Valentine time to recover a little from her astonishment, and to endeavor to profit by the mistake.

"Before justifying myself as to a wrong of which I am not guilty," said she, "permit me, madame, to complain also of your readiness to accuse me."

"What!" interrupted the Princesse, "is not the story of this marriage true?"

"I do not even know to whom I have the honor to be assigned."

"Oh! you know at least that le Chevalier d'Emerange is madly in love and eager to suit you."

"Me—Madame—" replied Valentine, with embarrassment.

"Why be troubled, my dear Valentine? I do not wish to extort your secret from you; believe, rather, that if you compelled me to divine it I should still respect your reserve. I appreciate your position. I know all which you owe to your sister-in-law, but however much you may sacrifice to her sensibility the fatal blow will come at last, and I predict to you that her imprudent character will derive no benefit from your efforts."

"Oh! Madame, can you suppose such a thing?"

"I suppose nothing, I assure you, I but repeat what the world says."

"Dare any one to calumniate the character of Madame de Nangis? That would be an indignity."

"I think so, but neither you nor I have the power to prevent it. If a woman receives the attentions of an agreeable man, she is said to encourage them; and if she is annoyed by his assiduities, to another, she is said to be jealous. It is the usual routine adopted by malignity, and nothing can change its course; but observe that the same persons who are so prompt to fancy evils that are concealed are none the less indulgent for all those which are made known, and that often in order to disarm them it is only needful to seem fearless."

"And how should one not fear a slander whose consequences may become so serious? The character of my brother is too well known, I think, for it to be supposed that he would patiently endure such reports."

"Be calm; they will never reach his ears; upon this point the discretion of the French overcomes the pleasure of injuring. One who would disturb the peace of a husband by such cowardly treason would be regarded with horror. Society would soon render him justice."

It was not without difficulty that the Princesse succeeded in making Valentine comprehend the subtleties of this code of worldly law which condemns the accusation without punishing the calumny. Madame Saverny's ideas of true honor accorded ill with this conventional notion, sometimes severe and sometimes indulgent, which she was assured held such powerful sway in the world. If any other person had spoken thus to her she would have accused her of blameable lightness; but the virtues, the conduct of the Princesse de L— left no doubt as to the purity of her principles. She spoke of the irregularities of society as incurable infirmities which it is necessary to tolerate in others, but which must not be allowed in oneself, and it was from her that Valentine received the first lesson in that amiable indulgence which is everywhere the seal of superiority."

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NOVEL METHOD OF MAKING THE DEAF TO HEAR.—The big diamond in the end of Ole Bull's violin bow was a present from the Duke of Devonshire, a deaf old gentleman, for whose pleasure the violinist played half an hour with a string connecting the instrument and the hearer's teeth, whereby the latter heard the music.

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ELIOT'S BIBLE.—A copy of Eliot's Indian Bible, which no living man can read, was sold at auction in this city, yesterday, for the extraordinary sum of \$1,130, the highest price ever paid for a printed book in this country.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

# **A VISIT TO THE ADULT DEAF AND DUMB ASSOCIATION, 309 REGENT STREET, LONDON, ENGLAND.**

BY T. WIDD.

It is Sunday morning. The streams of well-dressed people flow along the broad pavement of the streets in every direction, and enter buildings with tall spires and wide-open doors. Far away in Mile-End New Town, the extreme east of this immense metropolis, from a back street emerges a plainly-dressed young lady, rather tall, but extremely intelligent, with a book in her gloved-hand. A stranger would perceive nothing extraordinary in the picture she presented, unless he knew that she was deaf and dumb, and about to undertake a journey of several miles on foot, through a labyrinth of streets and lanes, to hear the Word of God expounded in the peculiar manner comprehended by deaf-mutes. She walks briskly along and mingles in the continuous stream of life in Whitechapel street. She timidly avoids all loiterers and continues her course in a westerly direction. She heeds not the mirth and laughter which assail her on every side. She knows her way and requires no directing. When spoken to verbally she gives no response. An hour and a half brings her into Regent Street, and she straightway enters that well-known building, the Royal Polytechnic Institution, and takes her accustomed place among a "silent congregation" already assembled.

As the hands of the clock reach the hour for divine service, a little minister is seen making his way to the same place. He is a kind and earnest-looking gentleman, ever ready to help the deaf-mute, and ever on the look-out for the interests—spiritual and temporal—of his mute flock. As he enters his office, he slips on his robe, and goes to his silent congregation, and commences the service. The congregation are all attention, and watch the swift evolutions of their beloved minister's fingers, as he goes through the ceremony. His gestures and signs and the silent responses of his little flock go on in perfect order. The sermon is about to begin. The text is given out. The turning of the leaves of the Bible only might be heard, if any one were to listen. The deaf-mutes have found the text, and it is eagerly read. Pencil and paper, or slates, are taken out, and the chapter and verse are written down by some for preservation; others trust to their memory. The pantomime of the sermon is attentively listened to. The minister earnestly appeals to them to give themselves up to Christ—Christ only. His eloquence, so to speak, is almost irresistible in winning the love and respect of his flock, and leading them to Jesus. He uses the plainest language and signs so that his flock cannot fail to understand him from beginning to end. His perfection in the finger and sign language is marvellous; even the deaf-mutes themselves are filled with astonishment and admiration. If the sermons delivered to this silent congregation were listened to and criticized by church-going people, they would be called most eloquent and impressive.

The interesting service is now concluded, and the mute flock rise and retire. As soon as their minister is out of the sacred portion of the building, they surround him, cordially and affectionately greet him, and anxiously inquire after his health and that of his lady, as if one common family existed among them. His labors are not in vain. Christianity of a pure and moral standard may be found among his congregation which has withstood the perils and temptations of that modern Babylon.

This is not the only service that is conducted in London. There are several in different districts of the metropolis, all superintended by this minister, and conducted by missionaries. The Rev. Samuel Smith leads the one already described and another on week days in the heart of the city. He is the only ordained minister of this kind in the world. He has several assistants who are looking for holy

orders to follow in his steps. Their duties are arduous, and require incessant labor in visits to the homes of the deaf-mutes, advising and assisting them in temporal things—such as obtaining them situations, attending sick-beds, and visiting the poor deaf-mutes in hospitals, workhouses, and in dark, dreary alleys. Mr. Downing, like his superior in office, has had great experience in this kind of work. A recent letter informs me that this missionary is leaving London to pursue a similar work in Manchester, in the north of England.

Every Wednesday evening, a large room in that scientific edifice is thrown open to the deaf-mutes, who regularly attend the lectures which are given there in their peculiar language by competent lecturers. The subjects of these lectures are various, but always very interesting and entertaining. A programme of the lectures is issued annually to the deaf-mutes, which contain the subjects and lecturers' names. Nature, art, science, history, astronomy, discoveries, chemistry, geology, travels, and moral discourses are the subjects. The audience attentively listen,—with the eye—to everything the lecturer has to say, and their applause, and the death-like silence, alternatively, during the course of the lectures, show that they plainly understand what the lecturers are detailing for their instruction. The lecturer is often some well-educated deaf-mute, but some of the cleverest men in London, who have a deep interest in this cause, voluntarily come forward and give very interesting lectures, which are interpreted by the minister to the audience. I have often lectured in this building, when I resided in London, and know well enough the high state of perfection the arrangement for the advancement of the welfare of the deaf and dumb has attained.

When in Sheffield, Yorkshire, some years ago, I had a Bible class of deaf-mutes under my charge, and among them was a deaf, dumb, and blind boy. I had often pleasant conversations with him, by moving my fingers over his hand in alphabet-fashion. I was enabled to communicate whatever I wished to say almost as easily as if he was only deaf and dumb. He manifested considerable intelligence, and was enabled to know any of his friends by the mere touch of the hand, when he would immediately spell their names on his fingers. I saw this boy again, after an absence from him of some years. No one had told him who I was, or that I was expected; but after he had examined me with his hand, with a ludicrous mixture of suspicion, distrust, and uncertainty on his countenance, for a minute or so, his face changed from fear to surprise, and then to joy; and, finally, he started, and spelled my name on his fingers, and seized my hand and gave it a hearty shake!

There are excellent adult deaf and dumb associations in nearly all the large towns and cities in England and Scotland, where lectures on week-days and religious services on the Sabbath are given out regularly. These associations are extremely necessary and useful,—though much opposed by prejudiced minds—in receiving the charge of deaf-mutes turned adrift from institutions after completing their term of education. I will only illustrate this by the following fact: Some years ago, the deaf-mutes of Sheffield, numbering over sixty, were considered to be the most degraded and drunken of their class in England. All the education they have received at the institution (which was at Doncaster, only nineteen miles distant) had been thrown away. None of them could repeat the Lord's prayer. A low beer-house in a low and wretched lane, presided over by a fat, red-nosed landlord, was the principal resort of most of them. Sometimes twenty or thirty—males and females—assembled for carousal as long as their money lasted. The landlord became expert in their signs and alphabet, and acquired a lucrative trade. Sunday was their grand day for drink, riot, and all evil. Attempts were made to form a branch association there by the Leeds Adult Deaf and

Dumb Association, but without success. At last I was sent to try and reclaim them. Several of them were my old school-fellows. It was not till after nine months' labor that I succeeded in alluring the leaders from the beer-house to a warm room to listen to a temperance lecture. The rest soon deserted the public-house, and, in spite of great opposition, I finally established the Sheffield Adult Deaf and Dumb Association in 1863, the members of which rank among the most sober, respectable, and sensible in England at the present day.

Volumes might be written on the subject of the deaf and dumb; but suffice to say that everything for their spiritual and temporal welfare is rapidly becoming perfect in England, and a bright future is before them.

Among the trades pursued by this class, almost all are included. The majority are shoemakers, tailors, carpenters, lithographers, French-polishers, printers, compositors, engravers, painters, &c. There are in London deaf-mute artists, sculptors, herald-painters, clerks in Government departments (one is a head clerk in Somerset House), and one is a Barrister in the Temple, who is a skilful conveyancer. I am told that there is something of the latter class in Canada, but I do not know where or in what department. With the female deaf-mutes, the trades are almost as varied as with the males. The highest are telegraph operators, artificial florists, and dress-makers.

With regard to the deaf and dumb in the United States and Canada, things seem to be following in the footsteps of old England. The enviable title of "College for Deaf-mutes," comes from Washington, while in New York, Boston, Hartford, Indianapolis, and many other cities, these valuable institutions exist.

#### A TRUE TALE OF RETRIBUTION.

BY THOMAS WIDD.

The sanguinary engagement at Waterloo, in 1815, between the British, under Wellington, and the French, under Napoleon I., had decided the fate of the nations of Europe in a universal peace. The disbanded remnants of the armies returned to their homes, and, by the beginning of winter, in that year, many of the survivors of that battle in the British army crossed the channel, and landed at Dover, amidst the most enthusiastic ovations.

Among those who thus returned from the scenes of war, was a young private in the Light Cavalry, named Harvey. He had seen much service in the Peninsular war, and had been twice taken prisoner by the French, and he was severely wounded at Waterloo. He was a well-formed young man, capable of great endurance.

When he reached London, he went to the cottage where his aunt lived, which he called home, but found she had been dead three years, and the cottage was tenanted by other people. Without making himself known, he went away and wandered about the city for some time, seeking for work. His efforts were fruitless there, trade being at a standstill—the return of the army, and the disbanding of some regiments, having overcrowded the labor market. Harvey left the city and went into the agricultural districts of Surrey, where he found a farmer who wanted a waggoner, and was hired at once.

Harvey was of honest and industrious habits, and he soon gained the good opinion and confidence of his employer. He was enabled by his wages, and the small pension allowed him by the government, to save a little money, whereby he furnished a cottage in the nearest village, and, two years after, married a young woman of poor but respectable parents who resided in the same village.

As time passed the youthful mother began to anticipate her infant's prattle. She thought the little boy backward in speaking, but the circumstance of his being *dumb* never occurred to her; and it was long before she could realize the fact. At length a second child was born, and in his smiles she tried to forget the grief she experienced by her first-born. A mother's apprehensions, however, were soon aroused for him also; alas! he too, was deprived of the faculty of speech; and as succeeding years rolled on, and four other sons were added to the family, dumbness—universal dumbness—was the portion of all. Six deaf and dumb sons!

Words cannot describe the poor mother's grief at this calamity. She regarded it as a visitation from God, and her natural heart rebelled. Her husband had also lost all his former spirits. He went to his daily work, but with the step of a man oppressed with a burden too grievous to be borne.

The strange appearance of Mr. and Mrs. Harvey, united with the peculiar calamity in their family, determined the minister of the village to make their acquaintance. He had before endeavored to do so, but met with such discouragement that he thought it prudent to wait for a more fitting opportunity.

Harvey was present at church with his speechless sons the first Sunday the kind minister preached in that village, and with dismay heard him pronounce the solemn text: "It is appointed unto men once to die, and after that the judgment." The discourse of the minister was exceedingly impressive; he dwelt eloquently on the sin of our first parents, and the consequence—how we became subject to death, the penalty due to sin—and when he had done so, he hastened to exhibit the finished salvation wrought out for us by the Redeemer.

Thus bowed down with secret grief, Harvey pursued his daily labor, but he worked without pleasure. He thought of his wife, whom he sincerely loved, and then upon his afflicted children. His melancholy became such as to induce his former friends to shun him, and his wife thought he was deranged, and the dread of this, united with her natural sorrows, made her one of the most miserable women.

"If I could tell what ails him," she said one day to her father, "I should be better satisfied."

"Is he ill?" asked her father, who was on the verge of three score and ten years.

"Oh, no," said the unhappy wife. "Since we were married he never spent a shilling at the public house, and he has never complained of illness, nor is he out on Sundays roaming about like others."

"You know, Jane," said her father, "that he is a stranger in these parts, having come a long way off, and there is a tale to every life. William says he was at Waterloo, but that is all he tells us. Do you know anything of his past life?"

"Oh! father, I am often afraid of my own thoughts; who can tell what he did before he came to our master? But I cannot believe anything bad of him; he is so kind and good to me and the poor children, and when he looks upon them he gives such a sigh as almost breaks my heart, for I am sure it seems to come from the bottom of his."

Jane's father recommended her to see the minister privately, and lay her burden before him, saying:

"He will advise you better than I can, and I am very sure it is the parson, not the doctor, that he wants."

In pursuance of this advice, Harvey's wife went to the minister of the parish, and found a willing listener. The minister rejoiced

at a way being opened to become acquainted with the very man that had engaged his attention and interest from his first entry into the parish, and he promised to take an early opportunity to speak to her husband.

One day the minister went directly to Harvey, who appeared busily engaged at his work, and finding it quite useless to wait for an opening, at once commenced the attack by saying:

"My business here at this time is with you, Harvey, and the interest I feel in you and your family makes me now address you."

The man raised himself and gave him a look, but, oh! such a look of inward sorrow as penetrated the heart of the benevolent pastor. He said nothing but resumed his work.

"Do you not answer me, my friend?" said the minister, kindly. "I am not come here with the curiosity of a prying, heartless individual, but with the sympathy a minister feels towards one whom he perceives bowed down with sorrow."

"Have you a wife?" interrupted the wretched man.

"You know I have," responded the minister, with surprise.

"And children?"

"One little boy."

"Can he speak? Has he ever called you father?—but I forgot," he added, bursting into a forced, unnatural laugh, "the time has not come. He is too young for you to know if he can or not; but by-and-bye, if, instead of calling you by name, he only grunts, you will think of me, and be indeed a partaker of my sorrows."

"God forbid!" fervently exclaimed the young father, as the idea was thus realized to him.

"Well, then, master," said Harvey, "it is easy to preach, but it is hard to practice."

"True," replied the minister, "yours is indeed a severe trial, and from my heart I feel for you. I pity you as a parent, but, like every other affliction, it comes from the hand of God. Could we trace the decrees of his Providence, we should perceive in your case a reason for this visitation, and our hearts would acknowledge all to be right."

"Hold! hold!" cried out poor Harvey, "say no more, or I shall go mad. I know I have deserved it, and this it is that is killing me by inches. My six speechless boys are as six darts striking into my heart at once. I cannot bear it! I cannot bear it!" and the poor man threw himself upon the ground, and wept like a child.

The pastor waited patiently until the burst of anguish had subsided, and by kindness he thought he would induce him to tell his tale, for he was now convinced that some sin of former years preyed heavily on his conscience.

"Tell me your tale, my poor man," said the pastor, kindly.

"Another time, another time, not now," said Harvey, suddenly arousing himself. "I believe you to be a good man, and that it is not idle curiosity that makes you stay here; but I did not think you were good when you preached your first sermon, and told the truth so plainly. I determined not to like you because it was not kind in you to find out all about me, and preach it from the pulpit," and the man fixed his dark eyes on the pastor with an expression that made him start.

"I do not understand you," said the pastor.

"Not understand me!" said Harvey; "what then made you preach all about my past life, and mention things I had done years back, which I thought none knew but myself? You must have made yourself vastly busy with me and my concerns thus to find out all about me, and then to talk about it from the pulpit," and thus speaking Harvey resumed his work, determined to say no more.

After a silence of some minutes the pastor said:—

"You accuse me wrongfully, my friend; until I came into this parish, I did not know of your existence. Your constant attendance at church, together with so many boys, all looking neat and respectable, first attracted my notice. I asked your name and residence, and then heard of the mournful visitation that so naturally afflicts yourself and your wife. I wished to become acquainted with you, that you might know that you had my sympathy, but you repulsed my advances, and shunned me and every one besides. And as to publishing your past life from the pulpit, far be it from me to do anything of the kind. If what you heard caused former sins to arise up before you, to God be the praise; for I hope it will prove a proof of his love and mercy kept in store for you forever."

Again Harvey looked up; softened tears chased each other down his cheeks.

"Forgive me, sir," he said, "I feel I have wronged you; but sometimes I hardly know what I say. I hope you will not think of my past rudeness. I am now sure you mean to be my friend."

"Indeed I do," was the pastor's reply, "and will you prove that you regard me as such, by telling me your past history? It may be painful to you, but I think when I know all I may be of use to you. I am taking up your time, it is true, but for that I will satisfy your employer."

"O! sir," returned Harvey, "my master is very good. He generally lets me have task work, and I work only according to my strength; for I feel I often am not able to do a proper day's work, and therefore I should only cheat my master if I was on the same terms as the rest."

"I am glad to hear this," said the pastor, much pleased at the poor man's honesty.

"Now, sir," Harvey said, "as you seem bent upon hearing my story, and as I have now a liking for you, if you will be so good as to listen I will tell you all; but, sir, promise me you will keep it a secret as long as I live."

"Well, my friend, I will promise," the pastor replied, hesitatingly.

Harvey sat down on a log lying near, wiped away the perspiration from his face with his shirt-sleeve, then commenced his tale:—

"I was born in a part of England far from this, for Herefordshire is my native county. My father was a small farmer, as honest and industrious a man as ever lived. There were several of us, and it was his and my mother's delight to bring us all up independent of the parish. We were taught to do something as soon as we could get about, for even when almost infants, we were made to weed, keep the birds off the corn, gather the fallen apples, and pull the hops. They also gave us some learning, for the Sunday-school was kept by a clever elderly woman and superintended by the parson and his lady, who were good people, not only teaching the children to read, but making them understand at the same time. Every verse of the Bible they told us the meaning of. But notwithstanding all the pains taken with me, I was a very bad boy, and I have often thought since how wicked children deceive those who wish to do them good. It was impossible for parents to do their duty better than mine did, and yet I was a very heathen in practice. Cruelty, *savage cruelty* was my delight. Flies without legs and wings were found continually, and mangled worms and insects were sure to mark my path. Our kind pastor used to talk to me continually. He would take me by the hand and show me the power of God, as seen in his creatures. He would point out the love of the Creator for his works, and that

out of his immensity He provided for all. He would tell me that the power of life and death was not vested in me, and that I had no right to deprive the smallest insect of existence for my amusement, for that all live unto Him.

"Well, sir, for a time I would refrain from my wicked pranks—the life of the little creatures would, for a space, be safe. But then, soon again, I would forget my friend's advice, and become as bad as ever. But, as I grew older, I sought for larger prey, and, at length, after robbing bird's nests till I was tired, and destroying unfledged little ones till I was weary, scarcely leaving a hatch for miles around, I adopted the horrible plan for which I am now convinced I am so severely and justly visited. Having procured a bird-net, I used to go out at night, and catch the sparrows, finches, and all I could find. I used then to collect them in cages, and when the morning dawned, I arose before my father and mother, took my hapless prisoners one by one from their perch, and having cut out their *tongues*, let them fly! I thought none saw me, because I concealed my dreadful cruelty from man. I never heeded the omniscient God. Oh! sir, those little *tongueless* birds have cried for vengeance on my guilty head, and they have had it. They were rendered unable to sing their songs of joy by my vile hands, and therefore I am only punished as I deserve in the dumbness of my children."

"And was this barbarity never discovered?" demanded the parson, horrified.

"Not for a very long time, sir; it seemed as if I should be permitted to fill up the measure of my iniquities undisturbed. But when the time was come, I was found out in a curious way. A swallow had come down the chimney at the rectory, and as it flew about, covered with soot, stunning itself against the window, the good clergyman came into the room. When he saw the panting bird, he hastened to catch it, that he might restore it to liberty. While in his hand the bird opened its beak, and something strange was observed by the good man in its throat. He examined it carefully, and found that the bird had no tongue! He thought it very odd, and spoke of it to his wife, who immediately told him she suspected me to be the cause. The rector would not hear of this.

"It is impossible," he said, "for such barbarity to reign in the heart of man; it is too fiendish—worse than the brutes."

"Even so," his lady replied, "but is not this the character of the natural, unconverted, creature? Is not every unkindly principle, every savage feeling, every hateful passion, every cruel action, the consequence of sin that dwelleth in us—the nature we inherit from Adam? Oh! husband, young Harvey has been at his horrid work here, and I can trace his actions in the fowls of the air. But judge for yourself; try to catch some of these poor creatures, and see if their vocal organs are perfect, and if they are, so I will freely admit that I have wronged the boy."

"From that time the pastor was as diligently occupied as myself in catching birds, but from a far different motive. And alas! the result was bad for me. Ten out of every dozen of these harmless creatures were deprived of their tongues, and it was remarked by many how strange it was that the birds had ceased to sing! With great distress upon his countenance, the minister sent for me one morning. He had a cage full of birds in his hand, and when I approached him, without speaking, he took them out one by one, opened their beaks, and let them fly.

"Poor boy!" he exclaimed, with tears in his eyes, "is your heart as hard as a nether millstone? Will nothing make you feel?"

"I fell on my knees, and cried for mercy and pardon. 'Ask it of God!' he exclaimed, whose creatures you have injured, and whom you have defied."

"I felt ashamed at being found out, and I was sorry at the thought that people would hate me, and I could no longer play the hypocrite. I was miserable, and my father became very angry at me, and my mother would not trust me. If I was sent to a farmer, with a message, they watched me off the ground lest I might injure the fowls, or throw at the pigs or lambs. I was accused of crimes committed by others, and at last I determined to leave the neighborhood, and travel to a distance, and seek employment with farmers and hop-growers. I ran away accordingly, and was soon pressed into the army. After the battle of Waterloo I was again in England seeking employment, and hearing that farmer W—— wanted a waggoner, I offered myself and was accepted. After living with him two years, I married Jane, and a good wife she has made me as over a man had—tidy and industrious she is, always minding her own business, and caring for her family. Poor thing! she has had a sore trial, for she has had to bear with me as well as the children, and sometimes she seems broken-hearted.

"Now, sir, I have told you my tale. I see the finger of God—it is RETRIBUTION. Sir, the Creator has indeed avenged his innocent creatures, and my punishment is always before me!" So saying the poor man rose from his seat, and resumed his work.

The good pastor felt deeply for him, and considered the best method of endeavoring to comfort him. He said:—

"Your tale is safe with me."

Harvey made no reply, but resumed his labor, and the minister took his departure. Next day the pastor visited the place where he saw Harvey the preceding day, but found him absent. On going up to his cottage, two of the dumb boys met him, and he inquired for their father by gestures and signs, and was answered with incoherent sounds. Mrs. Harvey, however, soon appeared, and told him that her husband was ill in bed, and as they entered the cottage the doctor arrived, who found that poor Harvey was ill of a low fever, brought on by distress of mind. By the constant attention of his wife and the care of the physician, the fever abated in a few days, and the pastor became his constant attendant.

When the unhappy Harvey came to consciousness, his first words were:—

"I have thought much, sir; I am sorry that you wrang from me the secret I had determined to carry with me to the grave. I can hardly fancy I so betrayed myself."

"Your secret is safe with me, Harvey," replied the pastor. "I hope you will never repent having told me. It was not from idle curiosity I endeavored to become your confidant, but that as a minister of Christ I might be of use in guiding you into the way of peace."

"But, sir, I feel I have been guilty of great and unpardonable crimes. What must I do in the sight of a holy, merciful God!" and the poor man buried his face in the bed-clothes and wept.

The benevolent pastor proceeded to unfold the mission of Christ in this world, and his power to forgive to the uttermost, and so worked upon the wretched man, who was eager to clutch at the faintest possibility of escaping from his misery, that he became calmer and calmer as he listened to his pastor; and when he got strong a marked difference was observed in his conduct, and the gloomy, desponding countenance he had before totally disappeared. He talked freely and hopefully to his neighbors of Christ, and the mercies of God to him, which seemed strange in a man who had before been the very picture of wretchedness. One day he met the pastor on the road, and extending his hand warmly shook that of the minister, saying:—



"Oh! sir, what a blessing it could be if we could get our poor children to read and write and know the Savior!"

"Indeed it would," replied the pastor. "I was coming to talk to you on the very subject. They must go to a school for the deaf and dumb."

"Where, where?" interrupted Harvey, impatient to know where such a place might exist.

"In London,—Old Kent Road, London," continued the minister.

"I never heard of one of the kind before. Oh! I thought my children were the only dumb ones in the country!"

Harvey lived to see his three younger sons well educated, and put to trades in London. He became a regular attendant at the village church and resumed a cheerful, happy countenance, as if the burden of his sorrows was taken off his mind.

One day, however, while driving his waggon, reading his Testament (which he carried in his pocket now when going on long journeys with his waggon), the horses took fright, and dashed off at a furious pace, and all Harvey's efforts to check them failed. They dashed madly on until they came to a narrow curve where the road crossed a bridge, against the corner of which the wheels of the waggon struck with fearful violence, wrenching one of the wheels off, and overturning the vehicle, which rolled over the bridge, and the horses, thus disengaged, galloped away. The body of Harvey was found in the water under the bridge, fearfully mangled.

Thus was the wretched career of William Harvey brought to a close. He perished on Christmas Eve, A.D., 1829.

The "Memoir of Albert Newsam, (deaf-mute artist) by Joseph O. Pyatt, Philadelphia, Pa." of which we have received a copy, is a handsomely bound and printed volume of 160 pages octavo.

It contains a running sketch of Mr. Newsam's life, comprising many interesting details; and quite full sketches of Thomas H. Gallaudet and Lewis Wild, both eminent teachers of deaf-mutes; a history of the rise, progress, and completion of the "Gallaudet Monument," the design of which is due to Mr. Newsam; a variety of anecdotes relative to the artist world, etc.

Mr. Newsam, although a deaf-mute, was fully allowed to be the best lithographic artist of his time in this country. He stood alone in professional excellence. Constant exercise developed natural talent into superior artistic ability.

His death left a vacancy in his profession not easily filled.

The book will be praised by all who knew Mr. Newsam, and will be interesting to others. It contains a striking likeness of Mr. Newsam. The price of the book is one dollar, and it can be had of the author.

A poor peasant, on his deathbed, made his will. He called his wife to him and told her of its provisions. "I have left," he said, "my horse to my parents. Sell it, and hand over to them the money you receive. I leave to you my dog; take care of him and he will serve you faithfully." The wife promised to obey, and in due time set out for the neighboring market with the horse and dog. "How much do you want for your horse?" inquired a farmer. "I cannot sell the horse alone, but you may have both at a reasonable price. Give me ten pounds for the dog and five shillings for the horse." The farmer laughed, but as the terms were low, he willingly accepted them. Then the worthy woman gave her husband's parents the five shillings received for the horse and kept the ten pounds for herself.



#### FARMER'S COLUMN FOR DECEMBER.

In the Northern States the farmer very seldom counts on stirring the ground in December. I have known seasons when one could plow in this month, but that is not to be counted on. Manure can often be hauled out, either to be strewed over a meadow, or to be ready in the fields for next year's corn. But in general there is not much to be attended to in this month except threshing and foddering and getting wood for the fire.

If you have to hire your threshing done, it is generally cheaper to hire a machine than to hire manual labor for it; but the best way is to do it yourself you and your boys, unless the crop is too large, or you have too much other work to do. The threshing done in moderate stints day by day, will preserve your strength and industrious habits through the winter; whereas if you make winter a season of idleness, you will not feel much like going to work in the spring.

In severe weather, especially in storms, look well to your cattle; good shelter will enable them to live on less fodder, and be worth more in the spring. The golden rule for foddering is "Little at a time and often."

Feed and pet your young calves and colts. Bits of soft corn are good for both.

Provide books and some good family newspaper for your own improvement and that of your children these long winter evenings. Many are the cases in this country in which a poor farmer's boy, like Daniel Webster, Horace Greeley, and U. S. Grant, has risen to distinction by having early acquired a taste for reading and study in the evenings.

J. R. B.

#### FARM PROVERBS.

Use diligence, industry, integrity, and proper improvement of time, to make farming pay.

Do not keep more live stock on your farm than you can keep well.

House all things as much as possible—animals, utensils and crops.

Sell when you can get a fair price, and do not store for rates and speculators.

The more comfortable you can keep your animals, the more they will thrive.

A good cow is a valuable machine; the more food she properly digests, the greater the profit.

A few roots daily to all the stock are as welcome as apples to boys and girls.

Iron shoes on sleds last a lifetime. They are really cheaper in the end than wooden ones.

Replace all the bars where you often pass by strong gates, and then wonder that you didn't do so before.

Although in draining land thoroughly, your purse may be drained, yet the full crops that follow will soon fill it again.

Always give the soil the first meal. If it is well fed with manure, it will feed all else—plants, animals, and men.

A borrowed tool, if broken, should be replaced by a new one. A nice sense of honor, in such matters, is much to be commended.

## EDITORIAL.



The Clarke Institute at Northampton is gaining a strong foothold in the hearts of the people of Massachusetts as one of the most beneficial institutions for the deaf and dumb in the land.

George W. W. Davis, Esq., of Milton, a deaf-mute, contributed ten dollars to the fund of the Boston D. M. C. Association.

Miss Laura C. Redden (Howard Glyndon), who writes pleasing verses, has recently returned from Italy, where she has been living for two or three years. She is only visiting her native land for a little while, but intends making Italy her home. While there she regained entirely the use of her voice, which she has partially lost again; and this naturally makes her impatient to be back. She is a graduate of the Missouri Institute for Deaf Mutes.

The "Forty-ninth Annual Report and Documents of the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb" is a very interesting and varied work of 176 pages.

We give a brief summary of its items, and would be glad, if we had room, to go into details:—

The number of pupils at date of last report was 434; left during the year, 66; admitted during the year, 71; number at date of report, 439.

Various expensive but necessary repairs and improvements have been made, and the Institution is now one of the best adapted to its uses of all those in this country.

Under the wise and energetic administration of Prof. I. L. Pect, the Institution maintains a steady rate of progress and is evidently marked for a long career of usefulness.

Twenty-five pages are filled with statistics derived from the census returns of the State of New York, comprising the nativity, cause of deafness, etc., of the sixteen hundred mutes who are recorded as residents of the State; and interesting facts gathered from the Register kept at the Institution during the great Convention of August, 1867.

A very full report of the annual examination of the pupils is given, showing their intellectual attainments from a few months pupilage up to the closing exercises in the high class, which last are especially interesting.

There is a historical sketch of the Institution's rise and progress by B. R. Winthrop, Esq., President of the Board of Directors, and the farewell address of Dr. Harvey P. Peet, in retiring from the Principalship is also given.

To use the words of the Report, "the address embodies those true philosophical principles of deaf mute instruction which will continue to stand, whatever the improvements that experience may enable us to make in the details of the system, and offers counsel worthy of deed consideration and lasting remembrance on the part of all to

whom is committed the solemn trust of educating the deaf and dumb for 'usefulness, happiness and heaven.'"

There is also a very full account of the proceedings of the convention of the Empire State Association of Deaf-Mutes, held at the Institution in August, 1867.

On the whole it differs greatly from the usual line of public institution reports, which are generally merely a dry mess of details, and is a very readable and interesting book.

"The Seventh Biennial Report of the Iowa Institution for the Education of the Deaf and Dumb" is received.

It gives the usual details, and touches, as do all the reports of such Institutions in these latter days, on the question of articulation for deaf-mutes, which is now being agitated. Like most others which we have seen, it professes a willingness on the part of its officers to adopt any improvements which may be made by the practice of the Northampton school, and says also, that to a certain class of deaf-mutes articulation would be a benefit.

The accommodations of the Institutions are limited and inconvenient, and appeal is made to the Legislature for additional and further provision.

The "Twenty-fourth Annual Report of the Trustees and Superintendent of the Indiana Institution for the Deaf and Dumb" contains three sketches: a front view of the Institution, a ground plan of the main building; and a bird's-eye view of the whole grounds belonging to the Institution.

It is evident, both from sketches and report that the Legislature of Indiana are blessed with an enlightened liberality in regard to the deaf and dumb, and have provided for them accordingly. Number of pupils during the year, 192; received during year, 30; discharged, 22; deaths, 1; present number, 169.

The Institution is crowded to its utmost capacity, and the propriety of enlarging the accommodations is noted, there being many deaf-mutes in the State who cannot come to school till this is done.

The "Fourth report of the school for the Deaf and Dumb at Llandaff," in Wales, Eng., gives *ten* pupils as the number under instruction. It is a school supported by subscription, and Mr. and Mrs. Melville who conduct it, do so without charge.

The report, as is common with English schools, contains a list of the subscriptions and donations for the year, and the annual sermon in behalf of the school. It gives an abstract of the census returns England and Wales, by which it appears that in a population of 20,066,224, there are, 12,236 deaf and dumb of all ages, 6,841 males, and 5,395 females, of whom 816 are sixty years old and upwards, including 57 who are 80 years of age.

The prospects of the school have brightened during the past year, and its usefulness, compared to its size, is undisputed.

SMART BOY.—At a Sunday-school, the lesson was in the third chapter of John, in which occurs this verse: "And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up." Without thinking of the many answers a child might give to the question, the teacher asked: "How was the serpent lifted up?" One little bright-eyed boy, who had seen serpents handled before, spoke up very promptly, "By the tail, sir." They have taken him under special instruction.



# Notice.

A Grand Levee will be held in Boston, on the night of January 1st, 1869, at Mercantile Hall, No. 32 Summer St., under the superintendence and control of Mr. P. W. Packard.

It will be open to both mutes and hearing people, and both classes will be enabled to enjoy themselves.

The programme will include a series of splendid tableaux, and a collation worthy of the name. Also, games of all kinds; chess, chequers, &c., &c.

The tableaux will be arranged and superintended by a gentleman of much experience in such things, and it is confidently expected that his taste and skill will produce a display worthy the admiration of all.

During the day (Jan. 1.) Phillips Hall, which adjoins Mercantile Hall, will be open for the accommodation of those coming from a distance, and the Hall will be kept open all night for the convenience of all such, many of whom have signified their intention of coming.

The annual levees of the mutes of Boston have always been very well attended, and there has been a yearly increase in the number present. There have always been at least two hundred present, and Mr. Packard is led, by the large number of letters and personal communications already received, to expect a much larger gathering than ever before.

The levees are more convenient, less costly, and fully equal, if not superior, in enjoyment, to the Conventions which are yearly held in various places.

Everything possible will be done to enable all to enjoy the occasion fully. Tickets of admission to the whole \$1.00; reserved seats \$1.50.

Those who desire to *engage* good seats to see the tableaux, and avoid the inconvenience of having poor seats, or of being obliged to stand on account of the crowd, should send the money (\$1.50) to Mr. Packard, who will send them a ticket and a check for a good seat by return mail. They should send *early*, as a number of seats are already engaged, and those who send first will get the best seats.

After the tableaux the company will proceed to the next hall (Phillips Hall), where the collation will be served; after which, innocent amusement, conversation, &c., will be in order.

Money should be sent only to Mr. Packard, as he will not otherwise be responsible for it, and checks for reserved seats can be obtained only of him.

All letters enclosing money or asking for information should be addressed to P. W. Packard, 50 Bromfield St., Room 18, Boston, Mass.

☞ All who read this please come and bring your friends with you.

Mr. Packard's idea is to devote the profits accruing from the exhibition and levee to some good object having special reference to the general benefit and welfare of his class of the community.

An irritable man went to visit a sick friend, and asked him concerning his health. The patient was so ill that he could not reply; whereupon the other, in a rage, said, "I hope that I may soon fall sick, and then I will not answer you when you ask me."

For the benefit of an inquiring correspondent, we would state that John Smith, who figures so frequently in our columns, is no relation to the gentleman of that name in Boston.

NEW YORK, November 27, 1868.

To the Editor of the Deaf Mute Gazette:—

Dear Sir:—The article in your valuable paper, entitled "The New Term in the Clark Institution," copied from the Springfield *Daily Republican* of the 22d ult., occasioned me to send the enclosed correction to the editor of that paper for insertion.

You will oblige me very much, if you also, would give room to it in your journal. Yours, very respectfully,

B. ENGELSMANN.

To the Springfield Daily Republican:—

I will not suppose that the writer of the article entitled "The New Term in the Clark Institution," published in your valuable paper of the 22d ult., had any intention of making an incorrect statement in relation to our "Institution of Deaf Mutes," by calling it a German Articulating School, which is certainly a grave error. I must be permitted to say that he was not well informed about the institution and its principles, although I think it the duty of every one to explore and examine thoroughly facts before publishing them. Notwithstanding, I am ready to inform the writer in the most friendly manner about the institution of which I have the honor to be the principal.

It was founded in May, 1867, by philanthropic gentlemen, as a public national institution. *Instruction in the various branches is given only in the English language* by myself and M. T. Melan, a native of this country. The institution contains at present nineteen pupils of different nationalities, whose progress in the various branches of instruction will doubtless compare favorably with any institution in the country. Should the writer of said article desire to learn more particulars about our institution I am ready to send him the report lately published.

As the writer of said article finds pleasure in enumerating the visitors to the Clark Institution, he might also have inserted my name.

Yours, very respectfully,

B. ENGELSMANN, Principal.

Rockland, Dec. 1, 1868.

To the Editor of the Portland Press:—

Levi Jack, the poor deaf mute who set fire to the almshouse in Dixmont last spring, and was in August condemned to death, is to receive more proper and humane treatment at the hands of our State government. The history of this alleged culprit and his vindication can be stated in a word.

Last spring, just after the rising of the Criminal Court, the almshouse in Dixmont was burned and one inmate, a feeble old woman, perished in the flames. Mr. Jack was suspected and arraigned before the Criminal Court and pleaded "Guilty." As the law orders, the fact being established, the sentence is death. It was subsequently argued in extenuation of this deed of the convicted and condemned mute that he was insane. Gov. Chamberlain, near the middle of November, commissioned a board of examining physicians, consisting of Drs. Germaine and Estabrook of Rockland, and Chase of Thomaston, to decide upon the sanity of the mute. They unanimously agreed that Jack was of unsound mind. Afterwards Warden Rice stated that his opinion was the same and that many of the prisoners had expressed disapproval of the execution of a lunatic. Prisoners are not so apt to be generous towards their fellow-convicts. The provisions of the law are that the sentence of death, in such a case as Jack's, be remitted and the prisoner be sent to the Asylum for the insane.

The hallucination, under which the man labored, was that by burning the almshouse, he should relieve himself of catarrh, lung complaint, and some other bodily ills which he was suffering, and he still thinks that act was a pious deed of self-concern.

The Governor, being absent from the State, has not yet issued an order for the lunatic's removal to the Insane Asylum. DENNETT.

## A NIGHT AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

It used to be the custom of the farmers in Western Canada, after they had finished their spring work, to have a few days of rest, or recreation, or something of the kind, in which they hunted or fished. For aught I know, the same custom prevails there, for it is many years since I left the old homestead and the scenes of my boyhood.

In the spring of 1841 or 1842 I told my father that, with his permission, after we had got our spring work done I would get George Bowyer, a neighbor's son and an intimate friend of mine, to go up the river on a fishing excursion. This stream takes its rise among the mountains and passes through my father's farm.

The plan was, to start in the afternoon, go some six or eight miles, bivouac out that night, start early the next morning and fish down the river. Men had frequently done so, and had caught as many trout as they could well carry.

My father laughed at the idea of two boys going alone among the mountains; for it not unfrequently happened that a bear or wolf was seen there in those days.

He said, however, that we might go, but that when the time came for us to start our courage would fail us. And I think perhaps we might have given up our purpose if it had not been for fear of being taunted by the boys, to whom we had already boasted of the sport we were going to have.

When the time arrived we pluckily started, taking a little basket of "rations." The day was warm, not a cloud could be seen, and we expected a fine time fishing in the morning. We travelled up the bank of the river until about sunset. At that time we were some six miles from any human habitation.

The stream was quite small where we stopped for the night; and in the middle of the stream was a large rock some ten feet square and some five or six feet above the water. On the top of the rock were small bushes, and it was covered, besides with moss. Upon this rock we resolved to sleep for the night, for we could easily jump from one stone to another, from the bank to the rock in the centre of the stream. With a hatchet that we had brought we cut some spruce boughs, and spreading them upon the rock, made a bed.

Soon darkness came on, and all was very still except the murmuring of the waters and now and then the hooting of an owl in the distance.

We had agreed to take turns in sleeping, while the other kept watch. It was my friend's turn to sleep first; and being thoroughly weary from our long walk, he was soon in a pleasant slumber.

I sat meditating upon our situation and wishing myself upon a good feather bed at home, instead of sitting upon a rock in the middle of the stream, when I was startled by distant thunder. The storm came nearer and nearer, and I finally awoke my companion, and told him that our chances for keeping dry were small. It soon commenced raining violently; the wind blew a perfect hurricane, and there was a continual roar of thunder, that echoed among the mountains like a vast array of artillery in battle. The lightning was so sharp and rapid that it kept us almost continually blinded.

We sat for an hour or more wet to the skin, and listening gloomily to the howling of the winds, when our attention was attracted to a danger we had not thought of. We could now hear distinctly the roaring of the waters as they came plunging down the ravine above us, and in a short time we comprehended the danger of our situation. We were shut off from the shore by the rise of the river, and it was so dark we could not see an inch before us. After a while the roaring of the river was plainly heard above the sound of the wind. We knew that the rain that had fallen far up among the mountains had begun to flow into the river, and that it must rise very rapidly.

The hours seemed like weeks, for we were expecting to be washed from the rock and carried by the foaming current down the valley, past the homes we had left but a few hours before.

We did more of thinking than talking. Occasionally we would reach down the side of the rock to see if we could touch the water.

At last it rose to within about a foot of our resting-place; and O how we poor boys prayed for daylight to come! Our situation seemed utterly hopeless in its chances for escape.

At length we could discern the gray dawn of morning, and with the growing light could see the black water dash over the lowest edge of the rock, and it was still rising.

I looked at my friend's face. It was pale as that of a corpse. I said to him that our chances were slight for getting home that day.

His reply was,—

"I think the chances are good that we never shall get home at all. We might as well make up our minds that we have seen our parents for the last time."

As it grew light we moodily watched the tall trees swaying in the wind on the bank; and suddenly one just above us drew my attention. It was a large spruce, leaning out over the river, and the water was washing the earth away from its roots.

About sunrise there came a gust of wind that felled it into the stream, just above us; and no sooner had it struck the water than the current brought it around against the rock, which was then some two or three inches under water.

This was our only chance. It was hazardous to attempt to go ashore on the fallen tree, for the trunk was partly under water, and the waves tumbled and splashed over it. But here lay our only hope of escape from death.

I started first, and almost unconsciously gained the shore, then turned and made signs for George to follow.

His face was as white as a ghost; but with a desperately firm step he came upon the narrow bridge and reached the bank. Then if his natural color did not come to his face, his voice did to his lungs, for no sooner had he arrived on *terra firma* than he hurrahed madly for home and friends.

After taking our last view of the roaring river, we started for home, arriving there about ten o'clock, *minus* the load of trout we boasted so much about, and found our friends watching for us most anxiously, for well they knew the fierceness of such a storm among the mountains.

## INGENIOUS.

Three men suddenly rushed forward, stopped the carriage, and with oaths demanded the money of the travellers.

"Spare our lives," said one, offering a handful of silver; "but my companion has a larger sum hid away in his left boot."

"Traitor!" exclaimed the other, while the highwaymen, with blackened faces and cocked pistols, proceeded to take off his boots.

"If you've spoken false," shouted one of the marauders, "I'll give you an ounce of lead for your pains."

"He's spoken truth," responded the searcher. "Here's a prize! a hundred pounds in bank of England notes."

Securing the prize, the two travellers were blindfolded and bound to the finger-post, while the horse was taken out of the gig and turned loose on the common. It was an hour before they were released from their position, during which period the ill-used victim vented his imprecations pretty loudly.

Upon reaching the next town, where a deposition was made before the magistrate, the worthy justice commented in rather a severe strain upon the base conduct of the wretch who could act so treacherous a part.

"Hear my palliation," meekly said the accused.

"O, stand down," responded the man in authority.

"One word," continued the other; "my object in the declaration I made was not to screen myself at another's expense. I knew that my companion had a hundred pounds hid in his boot. I had twelve hundred pounds in my waistband. Had I been searched that sum must have been discovered. I thought it better to sacrifice the smaller to the larger sum. I now return the money I was the means of his being deprived of, and in future recommend him to be more prudent in keeping his own council to himself."

"A man of genius" ought to be set up in the midst of comfort, like an Alderney cow in a meadow of clover.—*Theo. Tilton.*

## HUSBAND AND WIFE.

Let a husband be the true and pure guardian of his family, laboring always to adorn himself with the Godlike gems of wisdom, virtue and honor; let him bear himself in relation to his wife with gracious kindness towards her faults, with grateful recognition of her merits, with steady sympathy for her trials, with a hearty aid for her better aspirations, and she must be of a vile stock if she does not revere him and minister unto him with all the graces and sweetness of her nature.

Let a wife, in her whole intercourse with her husband, try the efficacy of gentleness, purity, sincerity, scrupulous truth, meek and patient forbearance, an invariable tone and manner of deference, and if he be not a brute he cannot help respecting her and treating her kindly; and in nearly all instances he will end by loving her and living happily with her.

But if he be vulgar, vicious, despotic and reckless so as to have no devotion for the august prizes and incorruptible pleasures of existence—if she be an unappeasable termagant, or a petty worrier, so taken up with trifling annoyances that, wherever she looks, “the blue cotunda of the universe sinks into a housewifery room,” if the presence of each acts as a morrid irritant on the nerves of the other, to the destruction of comfort and the lowering of self-respect, and the draining away of strength and peace, their companionship must be infallibly one of wretchedness and loss.

The banes of domestic life are littleness, falsity, vulgarity, harshness, scolding, vociferation, and incessant issuing of superfluous prohibitions and orders which are regarded as impertinent interferences with the general liberty and repose, and are provocative of rankling and exploding resentments. The blessed antidotes that sweeten and enrich domestic life are refinement, high and gentle manners, magnanimous tempers, forbearance from all unnecessary commands, or dictation, and generous allowances for mutual freedom. Man wears a noble allegiance, not as a collar, but as a garland. The graces are never so lovely as when seen waiting on the virtues, and where they thus dwell together they make a heavenly home.

## RIDING ON THE BACK OF A WHALE.

In May, 1846, the barque “Anna Bella,” of Port Glasgow, was on the passage from London to Tobago, West Indies. The crew were in the habit of having fishing-lines over the ship's stern for the purpose of catching dolphin.

One day, when sailing in the north-east trade winds at the rate of about three knots an hour, the wind right aft and very light, the ship carrying all sail, with studding-sails on both sides, an immense shark was hooked.

The fishing-line was not strong enough to haul the monster up over the stern, and in order to better secure it, the line and shark were passed along to the starboard gangway, where the ship's side was lowest, for the purpose of getting a bow-line hitch passed round the shark, or of getting a proper shark-hook tacked in its jaws.

With this intention Matthew Dow, the chief mate, got a shark-hook with a long, strong line attached to it, and went over the ship's rail into the main chains, and while he held on with one hand, he tried with the other to hook the shark by the mouth, as the sailors contrived with the fishing line to pull the shark's head a little out of the water.

While so doing, the mate accidentally missed his hold and fell into the sea, and right astride the shark's back, the back fin of which he clutched in desperation, and the feel of which was rough as a file.

The shark, feeling the weight of Dow on its back, darted away from the ship's side, and the jerk on the fishing-line nearly cut the hands of the sailors who held it. They again diverted the shark's head to the ship's side.

Capt. Patterson, the master of the vessel, who was a muscular

man, seeing the imminent peril of his mate, sprang over into the main chains, hung himself down, and, by a great effort, got hold of the mate by the collar, and by his muscular strength, aided by the crew, managed to pull him from his perilous position, all hands standing aghast, paralyzed with horror. Meantime the shark, by a desperate effort, got away off the hook and escaped.

## DEGENERATED.

The ancient Egyptians took the lead in civilization. They accomplished wonders—built pyramids, temples, statues and reared obelisks which to-day are the wonder of the nations. In arts and sciences they were far advanced, but not much can be said in praise of the inhabitants of the land at the present time.

The villages which you see in Egypt to-day are merely mud-huts crowded together, hut joining hut, all of one story, the ground for a floor, a hole in the wall for a window, straw for a bed, rags for bedding.

Parents, children, dogs, donkeys, all occupy the same apartment. The droppings of the stable are thrown with all offal into a heap at the door. You see the inhabitants squatting under the wall or lying at full length in the sand where the sun is hottest, when the mercury, though it is midwinter, would go up to ninety!

In the fields you see a man plowing with a camel and a cow yoked together—the yoke a straight stick ten feet long, slanting at an angle of forty-five degrees from the neck of the camel to that of the cow—the plough a sharpened stick. You pass men cutting green clover for the market with a jack-knife instead of a scythe.

You meet a company of women going to market, walking ten miles to Cairo, each with an earthen jar filled with butter or a basket of eggs on her head! Take a look as she passes. Her dress is a piece of cotton dyed with indigo, made into a sack; another piece of the same for a mantle; a third piece for a veil covering the mantle. Her whole fortune has been expended to obtain the golden thimbles which lie on her forehead in a line with her nose and in the bracelets on her arms—such ornaments as Eliezar gave to Rebekah. Nearly all of these country women have tattooed their faces.

Boys, TAKE WARNING!—A minister says:—“I one day passed by a blacksmith shop, in which I saw the son of a lady of my acquaintance smoking a pipe. I went to his mother and told her what I had seen, and she very indignantly told me I must be mistaken. I said, ‘I know your son as well as I know you, and if I had not been certain that it was he, I should not have called on you.’ She still persisted that I was mistaken, and was evidently annoyed at my interference.

“Some two years afterward she called on me, and begged that I would try and do something for her son, saying: ‘He smokes and drinks, and does everything that is bad, and my heart is almost broken.’

“Some two years ago,’ I said, ‘I told you what I feared, and then something might have been done; but these habits are now confirmed. I will, however, do anything in my power.’ But I found it was in vain. In the course of a few years he blew out his brains, and left his widowed mother inconsolable at his destruction of both body and soul.”—*Young Reaper*.

“You see, boys, that smoking led to “everything bad.” Shun that beginning.

MAKE a slow answer to a hasty question.

**Du Chaillu on the Gorilla—Lecture before the Deaf-Mute Literary Association of New York.**

Mr. P. B. Du Chaillu, the African explorer, delivered a lecture, by special request of the society of this city for the deaf and dumb, last evening, at St. Ann's (Dr. Gallaudet's) church, West Eighteenth street. There were about one hundred and thirty members of the institution present, among whom were several females, and some hundred others, brought together by the interest that has been excited by the Du Chaillu lectures. The mutes occupied the front seats in the lecture-room of the church, in the basement story. Along the wall facing the audience the lecturer had placed in their order drawings of the skeleton of a man, of a gorilla, of a gibbon and of a chimpanzee, with other drawings illustrative of the principal animal, the gorilla, in the African wilds and solitudes, which were matters of great interest and of mute comment among the greater bulk of the audience.

The subject of the lecture was one which has been frequently treated of by Mr. Du Chaillu, his explorations and discoveries in Equatorial Africa.

The lecturer was introduced by Mr. Roan in the language of signs, with which the members of the society have become so perfectly familiar that during the delivery of the lecture there was very little more time needed for the interpretation of the words into the sign language than might be fairly considered as needed for a calm delivery and treatment of the subject.

M. Du Chaillu was interpreted to the audience by Professor I. L. Peet, the principal of the institution. After stating the promptings which first sent him into the wilds of Equatorial Africa, he proceeded with an account of the country, the manners and customs of the various tribes of natives, &c. In Equatorial Africa, he said, the natives make four kinds of drink from the palm tree. One is made with honey and water, ripe bananas, water, &c. The drink they like the least is that made from the sugar cane, for it made their heads sick. In that country he had to beware of everything—the natives as well as the wild beasts. Snakes of the worst kind were abundant, scorpions and centipedes. It was not a nice country to live in. He left there and travelled for hundreds of miles without meeting a human being. The forests contained no game, and he was often days without food. Population is sparse, and the few people that are there fight continually against each other, killing all young and old indiscriminately. The people worship idols, and the institutions of the country hinge on slavery. Their wealth consists in the number of wives, who are all slaves. He got friendly with king Bangbo, who has 300 wives. He inquired how many children he had, when the king replied between 600 and 700, the difference being nothing to the King. The King died, when they sacrificed 100 victims to attend him. No one is supposed to die a natural death. The person dying is supposed to be bewitched, and of course that somebody killed him, and a sacrifice is made of numbers. He reached a range of mountains (pointing them out on the map). He found here a new race of men. When he reached the place he heard loud shouts—the natives crying "The spirit is come." The natives surrounded him, armed to the teeth and tattooed. The people are cannibals, clothed in the skins of animals. They carried large battle-axes and shields made of elephant hides. The whole place was covered with skulls erected on poles. He felt somewhat afraid. The King did not want to see him for three days, declaring that he (Du Chaillu) had come in a whirlwind, and that if it touched him he would be swept away. It was a curious superstition among all the kings of this country that none of them would see him till he had been three days in the country. The village he now found himself in was small, with a long street, the houses not over six feet high; the walls were made of the bark of trees. The King came to see him accompanied by the Queen and a number of warriors. The King at last said he was not afraid. In the evening he invited the King to come and receive presents; gave him beads, and clothes and a looking-glass. At this the king humbled, he made faces, put out his tongue; he saw the tongue come out and he swore the devil was there. They soon became great friends with the King and his people. The cannibals were brave and great hunters. When they kill men in battle they eat the killed. They explained that the women were the best eating, that they were very tender; the girls about eighteen being the best. The old men, the cannibals said,

were tough and not much good. They were the worst kind of cannibals, for they eat the dead. It was in this country he killed the first gorilla he ever met. When he came to New York he had the skins of twenty gorillas. One day while hunting he heard a great noise and went in the direction of the sound. He then discovered an animal not seen since the days of Hannibal, the Carthaginian, in whose day the first gorilla that any account has been given of was seen. He saw the bush move and could hear the palpitation of his own heart at the horrible sound of the unknown animal. Suddenly he heard the roar of the gorilla, the king of the African forest, the animal at the same time showing his terrible teeth. His eyes were gray and deeply sunk, and for a while he did not know but he was face to face with the devil. The gorilla did not seem afraid, but advanced towards him. I thought I must kill him or he would me, and as he came near I shot him in the chest and he fell forward as a man would who had been similarly shot. He was dead at once. The gorilla was six feet high; the arms were nine feet two inches in length, of great strength and full of hair; the chest was bare and perfectly black; the foot was like that of a giant of great strength; he never had seen such a monster. The males are very fierce, the females are not fierce; the male sleeps under the tree where the female rests with her young, and when the male hears a noise they prepare for the combat, no matter who may approach. He killed one gorilla so old that it had lost all its teeth. The female gorilla brings forth but one young one at a time. He had several gorillas alive, but he never succeeded in taming one of them. The force of a gorilla is prodigious. He saw trees broken in two in their rage. They go in two's and feed on berries and nuts. He opened the stomachs of all he had killed and never found anything but vegetable food in the stomach. [The lecturer then described how the gorilla came nearest to man, the orang-outang, or gibbon, next, and then the chimpanzee, and pointed out from the diagrams the peculiar difference in the length of the arms, the peculiarity in the spinal column, etc. The number of bones in a man and a gorilla were the same, the same number of vertebrae, etc.] In the gorilla, chimpanzee and all the ape family the hand was longer than the foot, which was reversed in man. The gorilla, etc., have the same number of teeth as man, but there was a great difference in the amount of brain between them, etc. The lecturer closed his subject with a brief address to his audience, the mutes, who seemed to pay the greatest attention to the interpreter, every movement of whose fingers and hands they followed with great earnestness, displaying on their countenances a consciousness and a knowledge of every word that fell from the lecturer's lips.

At the close Mr. Roan addressed the mutes by signs, signifying that a vote of thanks should be given to Mr. Du Chaillu for his kindness in coming before them and treating them to such an interesting lecture. The members of the association signified their appreciation and pleasure at this by clapping of hands. The audience then dispersed.—*New York Herald*, Nov. 17. 1868.

An English gentleman lately took a small wasp's nest, about the size of an apple, and, after stupefying its inmates, placed it in a large case inside of his house, leaving an opening for egress through the wall. Here the nest was enlarged to a foot in diameter, holding thousands of wasps. Here he was able to watch their movements, and noted one new fact—namely, their systematic attention to ventilation. In hot weather from four to six wasps were continually stationed at the hole of egress; and, while leaving space for entrance or exit, created a steady current of fresh air by the exceedingly rapid motion of their wings. After a long course of this vigorous exercise, the ventilators were relieved by other wasps. During cooler weather only two wasps at a time were usually thus engaged.

The tableaux, exhibition and levee, at Mercantile Hall, Jan 1, 1869, will be the grandest thing ever got up for the especial enjoyment of deaf mutes.

COME ONE, COME ALL.

"How every Christian community in this town would be instantly moved to active efforts to supply their spiritual necessities if information were to come to them that a number of Chinese, or Kaffirs, or natives of Borneo, had suddenly come to sojourn in their midst, and were anxious to be instructed in their common Christianity, and to be admitted within the pale of Christ's church. They would feel rightly that these people had a special claim upon their Christian liberality. But the class of people for whom the association pleaded were quite as distinct and isolated in their midst as would be such a body of persons as he had supposed sojourning amongst them. And, if they would thus hasten to the relief of strangers, ought they to be less eager to put forth every possible effort to relieve those poor sufferers who, in calamity and affliction, at their own doors, had a claim on their Christian brotherhood at home. Then, as the Bishop of Ripon most truly said, a special organization was needed to reach the deaf and dumb. This was the case in other departments of Christian labor. They must have a peculiarly constituted body of men to carry out missionary labor in various parts of the world. A missionary going to India, for instance, was obliged to fit himself for the special duty, by acquiring the language and learning something of the peculiar habits of thought of the people. If he were to go amongst the people without an acquaintance with the language, and acquiring some knowledge of their habits of thought, the probability was that he would be inefficient for the great work in which he embarked. A similar organization was needed to reach the deaf and dumb."—*Rev. Samuel Flood, Yorkshire Association in aid of Adult Deaf and Dumb, 1864.*

"He would state his own experience. Upwards of thirty years ago he took a very active part in a committee of a large institution for the deaf and dumb in the neighborhood of the city of Dublin. It was not merely the impression of the committee, but it was the impression of all medical men there, and it was a lesson well worthy of their consideration, that while the blind were merely shut in from material things, in some respects they were left open in their mind to that traditional teaching of Christianity which begins at the mother's knee, and prepares the child for the truths of the Gospel; but that the mute is shut in and left in a state of nature. He believed he could state, without the chance of being contradicted, that it was the universal experience of all those who had been engaged in the instruction of the deaf and dumb, that they had no natural idea of God, and had no natural idea of distinguishing between right and wrong. They afforded us tangible living proof of what was stated in the word of God, as to the darkness of our fallen nature without the light of revelation. They knew that when this idea was brought by the new language, which the deaf and dumb were taught, it burst in upon them with overwhelming might. The truth found, even in this wreck of the human soul, a spot on which its light shone. The deaf and dumb never turned sceptics against the truth; some clap their hands, and are rejoiced at the flowing in of that flood of light; and others ran away to hide themselves, and were dissolved in tears. He believed this was experience of all such institutions."—*Speech of Vicar of Bradford at the Anniversary of the Yorkshire Association in aid of the Adult Deaf and Dumb, 1864.*

A CERTAIN man was married; he lost his wife and had a stone erected over her grave. He married a second wife, and when she died he had the tomb stone split, and it thus served for the two departed. He proposed to a third, and the lady quaintly replied, "I do not believe that stone will split again." A refusal.

**BURIED ALIVE.**—A grief-stricken father in Iowa had the body of his little daughter, who had died and been buried in his absence, exhumed, that he might take a last look at her loved face. The body was found turned upon its face in the coffin, with both little hands clutched in the hair—evidently buried alive. "you have defied," and he turned from me, leaving me in a perfect agony.

I SAY, milkman, you give your cows too much salt!" "Why, how do you know how much salt I give them?" "I judge from the appearance of the milk you bring us lately. Salt makes the cows dry, and then they drink too much water; that makes the milk thin, you know."

The men are capable of great endurance. They will run all day at a mule's pace without food or drink. They are forbidden to let any nourishment pass their lips, not even tobacco smoke, from sunrise to sunset, during the fast of Ramadan. Though physically able to labor much, they accomplish little.

You see the old men, sitting crosslegged in groups, telling over and over and over again of the good old times of the Caliphs, of the adventures of the Forty Thieves, and other romantic tales of Arabian life. It is not an uncommon thing to see one of the group examining his shirt while the story is going on looking for population of another sort.

These men are sharper than any Yankee at driving a bargain. The keenest Vermonter would be outwitted and fleeced by them. It is easier for them to lie than to tell the truth. Make a bargain with them that you are to pay them three shillings a day and *no baksheesh*, and they will not fail to ask for it when you come to the settlement. They are abusive and cruel, especially toward the brute creation.

—Never be afraid of doing little because you cannot do much. Take the first duty that comes before you, and put your heart into it, and it will lead to a second.

—A deaf mute, brought before Justice Dodge, in New York, the other day, charged with an unprovoked assault on a colored boy, was "committed to answer." This incarceration, under the circumstances, is about equivalent to imprisonment for life.

—A man in Brattleboro', who had not shaved for about seven years, recently had his beard taken off. It measured three feet and six inches in length. Visiting New York a year or two since, a man hailed him with the inquiry, "Just from California?" "Yes, a great ways from it," was the reply.

—Beecher says that men confess everything but their own besetting sins. They steer quite clear of these. Who ever heard a man say, "O, Lord! I am as proud as Lucifer; humble me;" or "O, Lord! I am so mean and stingy, that 'tis only with great pain that I can unclose my fist. Make me generous."

LIFE is divided into three terms; that which was, which is, and which will be. Let us learn from the past to profit by the present, and from the present, to live better for the future.

WHOEVER is honorable and candid, honest and courteous, is a true gentleman whether learned or unlearned, rich or poor.

KEEP doing, always doing. Wishing, dreaming, intending, murmuring, talking, sighing, and repining, are idle and profitless employments.



## CORRESPONDENCE.

## THE DEAF MUTE IN 1868.

BY THOMAS WIDD.

At no period of the world's existence has the deaf-mute attracted so much attention as at present. The genius of science, art and literature have turned the artillery of their profound meditation towards his amelioration, and the force of this mighty avalanche has well-nigh severed the servile bonds of superstition and ignorance which, for countless ages, debarred him from the pale of society and sympathy. The onward course of civilization, from the joyless days of the "dark ages" to the passing of the heaven-sent laws of Massachusetts, has been one grand and glorious roll up the ladder of fame, in the intellectual welfare of the poor "dummies." Now, the world cannot but see the incontrovertible fact that the dumb man is not hopelessly lost, and that his crushing calamity has not carried him to the bottom of the Slough of Despond. In our day, the philosopher, the statesman, the senator, the divine, and the hero in literature have been often mystified by beholding the *eyes hearing* and the *fingers speaking* in the deaf-mute, as eloquently as the tongue of any orator that ever stepped on a platform.

At present the subject uppermost in the minds of the numerous champions of deaf-mute education and intellectual improvement seems to be "artificial articulation," which has brought forth long and weighty arguments, generally in an antagonistic spirit, in the enlightened columns of the *Gazette* from time to time, and appearing like a little black cloud in the bright horizon. The system of signs finds advocates who set a wry face at articulation, and who maintain that *signs* are the best, surest, and most advantageous method of education for the deaf-mute. Then there are parties who reject articulation and condemn signs with the utmost contempt,—throwing the former overboard, and confining the latter to baby-deaf-mutes.

The peaceful world of deaf-muteism seems to be threatened with a revolution. The close study, labor and prayers of the worthy founders of our institutions are criticized and distrusted, and the fruits of the toils of our teachers have been weighed in the balance and found wanting by far-seeing individuals. The conventions of principals in Europe and America have met, debated, and separated, still with different opinions on almost every subject. And, if any good accrues from one convention it is sure to be spoiled at the next by the introduction of a different system, which has entered the head of some zealous principal. Hence perpetual contention and disagreement.

But this, they say, is the spirit of the age, and will continue to be so, as long as there are men adverse to abandon old systems, who have, by years of practice, been led to believe that a better means to educate deaf-mutes is impossible. Many of our principals in our day are doubtless led in the work by purely disinterested motives; but we cannot say they all are. The greater part of them have found their position more lucrative in a pecuniary point of view than any calling they might be adapted to, and naturally stick to it and oppose any change in the system of education, because, not being able to carry it out themselves, they do not relish the idea of the "fatherth" slipping out of their hands to make room for others who have the ability to do so.

The hearing principals and teachers of our Institutions are better able to instruct the mutes in articulation than in the finger language, and they find it more convenient to themselves too; but the question to be decided in this system is,—Is articulation the best and soundest system of all? For my part, I very much fear it is not, and believe it only a system to suit the convenience of the hearing teachers.

The writer has for years practiced articulation among *his own* relations, but when the move in the world commenced, articulation availed nothing among the people in different parts of the world where the English language is spoken. The difference in dialect was too much for artificial articulation to master, and the resort to slate and pencil was a necessity. Moreover, only ten in one hundred is likely to be benefited by such a system, and that one very uncertainly so. It has repeatedly been said that to teach deaf-mutes articulation, was like teaching parrots to talk,—but in this the parrot would be most likely to learn it quicker and retain it more permanently than the deaf-mute.

I have always been averse to sign-language in the advanced classes of a deaf-mute school. The only advantage in sign-language seems to be in the early education of children and communication with uneducated deaf-mutes. With those who have some knowledge of written language, *signs are pernicious deterrents*, and are generally found most convenient for the lazy. Much more argument might be brought to bear against articulation and sign-language, would space permit, but I will only quote one anecdote of which I was an eye witness, in London, England:—One day, while walking on the Strand with a hearing friend, a large crowd was assembled in the street. Cabs, omnibuses, drays, donkey-carts, &c., &c., were brought to a stand-still. The great crowd prevented me seeing at once what had occasioned the tumult, but my friend soon told me what it was.

"Police, police!" was the general chorus among the people.

"What's up!" shouted a policeman, running up out of breath.

"Four lunatics escaped from Bedlam!" cried several in the crowd.

By the time my friend had informed me of this, we had forced our way among the crowd and got a full view of—four deaf-mutes in angry conversation by *signs and gestures*!

The reader will wonder what system of education can be the best, most certain and lasting for the deaf-mutes. The answer I would give is—*A simple course of common sense*. Throw articulation to semi-mutes; sign-language to baby-mutes and uneducated adults. Leave the classics to the hearing people, or those mutes who have nothing else to do but pore over a book of the *dead languages*. What the deaf-mutes really want is a course of *common sense*, for we rarely meet any among us that possess any. Teach them to read and write properly, and to understand what they read and write, then the great obstacle and stumbling-block in their way will vanish. The writer of this story, who was deaf from infancy, was under instruction only eighteen months, and he was fortunately under the care of such teachers as knew the advantage of reading and writing over articulation and signs.

Those teachers whose aim to teach the deaf-mutes to read and write, and understand what they read and write, and to know their duty to God and man, are the true philanthropists among us, and our true and faithful friends, and deserve every encouragement from all quarters. But, unhappily, such are few and far between. The *Gazette* stands as a monument among us of the signal triumph of deaf-mute intelligence, and ought to teach our instructors that a few lessons in the art of reading and writing and a little common sense is all that deaf-mutes want to give them a start in the world. For one hundred years sign-language and articulation have been used in the schools, and there is a very poor result therefrom! How will the deaf-mute world stand in 1968? Perhaps they will have their *daily Gazette*, and a host of other papers, all advocating a system of instruction opposite to that in our day.

Don't forget the Levee in Boston on Jan. 1st, next.



**DO DEAF MUTES WANT TO BE INSURED?**

A few weeks ago a deaf mute applied to the "National Life Insurance Company of the United States of America, Washington, D. C." for a policy of insurance on his life, and was after medical examination accepted, although he is totally deaf.

It is a national company and is the best and safest in the world. It offers much lower rates of premium than all other companies and return premiums. Policies are negotiable and exempt from attachment. These are real advantageous. All mutes should be insured in that company, and will be certainly accepted if sound in body and mind. It depends on medical examination. Deafness does not prevent insurance in that company. The February number of the *Gazette* says that the two mutual companies absurdly rejected mutes. Mutes live as long as speaking and hearing persons do. There is no difference between them in respect to health. Any mute desiring to be insured, should at once apply to an agent of the company for a policy of insurance. Pamphlets and circulars and full information can be obtained at the office of the company or of any agent.

**EXTRAORDINARY RECOVERY OF SPEECH.**—The *Journal des Pyrenees Orientales* says: "An incident has just occurred at La Manère of so extraordinary a nature that we should hesitate to publish it if we had not heard it related by the person whom it principally concerns. Some days back five young men of the neighborhood went to bathe in a pool of small extent, but nearly twenty feet deep, and fed by a mountain torrent. The first to plunge in, Hippolyte Serre, swam safely across, and was seated on the opposite bank where he sat watching a companion named Coll, who had followed him. The latter, who had been deaf and dumb since a very serious illness, brought on five years back by a disappointment in love, had reached the middle of the water, where he was seen to struggle convulsively and then disappear beneath the surface. Serre plunged in to his assistance, and, seizing him when he came up, succeeded in bringing him to the brink, where he was helped out by the others. Coll had no sooner recovered his senses than he exclaimed, 'Mon Dieu! Sainte Vierge du Goral! Hippolyte, you have saved me!' The shock had, in fact, restored to him his speech, of which a commotion had previously deprived him."

**BRAVE BOY.**—A boy in Lawrence, named McRobie, only eleven years old, recently succeeded in one of the most gallant rescues on record. A boy, sliding on the ice, broke through and was carried under the ice by the current. McRobie pulled off his jacket, and running to the hole, plunged in. The brave lad followed under the ice and succeeded in seizing the drowning boy, with admirable presence of mind broke the ice over them with his fist, and emerged into the air, he sustaining the drowning lad by "treading water," a science known to good swimmers, of which the little hero was one. A man in the neighborhood got a plank, but called upon him to let go his burthen, as it was impossible to save the two, and both would be drowned. This he steadily refused to do and clung to his load, skilfully holding him in such a manner as to avoid being dragged down, of which at one time he was in great danger. Finally, by great exertions, both were safely landed.

A Bridgeport minister, offended with a lot of whispering boys in a religious meeting, picked out one of them, a deaf mute, and set him down with emphasis at some distance, thereby sadly interfering with the sobriety of the audience.

**INDIAN CUNNING.**—A Mexican traveller met an Indian in the desert; they were both on horseback. The Mexican fearing that his horse, which was none of the best, would not hold out to the end of his journey, asked the Indian, whose horse was young and spirited, to exchange with him. This the Indian refused to do. The Mexican therefore began to quarrel with him; from words they proceeded to blows; and the aggressor, being well armed, proved too powerful for the native. So he seized the poor Indian's horse, and having mounted him pursued his journey. The Indian closely followed him to the nearest town, and immediately made complaint to a justice. The Mexican was summoned to appear and bring the horse with him. He, however, treated the rightful owner of the animal as an imposter, affirmed that the horse was his property, and he had always had him in his possession, and brought him up from a colt. There being no proof to the contrary, the justice was about to dismiss the parties, when the Indian cried out,—

"The horse is mine, and I'll prove it!"

He took off his blanket, and with it instantly covered the animal's head; then addressing the justice, said;—

"Since this man affirms that he has raised this horse from a colt, command him to tell in which of his eyes he is blind."

The Mexican, who would not seem to hesitate, instantly answered,—

"In the right eye."

"He is neither blind in the right eye, nor the left," replied the Indian.

The justice was so fully convinced by this ingenious and decisive proof, that he decreed to the Indian his horse, and the Mexican to be punished as a robber.

**"I'LL TAKE WHAT FATHER TAKES."**—The shadows we cast and the examples we set are frequently of more startling effect than we could imagine. Our boys and girls have sharp eyes, and are quick to follow all examples set them, the bad no less than the good; and how shall we be counted blameless when we have set examples that have led an erring mortal into wrong paths. There is food for thought in the story that is told of a young lad, who for the first time accompanied his father to a public dinner. The waiter asked him, "What will you take to drink?" Hesitating for a moment he replied, "I'll take what father takes." The answer reached his father's ear, and instantly the full responsibility of the position flashed upon him. In a moment his decision was made; and in tones tremulous with emotion, and to the astonishment of those who knew him, he said, "Waiter, I'll take water."

The *Springfield Republican* says a man and his wife who live in a tenement in that city have not spoken to each other for several years, and they are not dumb, either. It is merely a little matter of spunk, to see who will hold out the longest. When the man wants to say anything to his wife he addresses his remarks to his little son, who also acts as medium through which the wife communicates with her husband.

The authorities of Jaszbereny, an Hungarian town, have just had the following extraordinary notice published to the sound of the drum: "Seeing that oaths and blasphemies are the real cause of earthquakes, every one, no matter who, is forbidden to swear or use bad language, under penalty of receiving twenty-five stripes with a rod and paying a fine of twenty-five florins."



From the Little Rock, Ark., Daily Gazette of Nov. 12.  
**A POEM AND A PRAYER.**

"LORD HELP ME."  
O, Lamb of God, so blind am I,  
I dare not trust mine eyes;  
Lend but the shadows of thy light  
To guide me to the skies.  
O, Lamb of God, so deaf am I,  
Thy voice I cannot hear;  
Speak but the word "Ephatha," Lord,  
And opened is mine ear.  
O, Lamb of God, so dumb am I  
No voice have I for praise;  
Touch but the portal of my lips,  
'Tis tuned to heavenly lays.  
O, Lamb of God, so weak am I  
I dare not walk alone;  
Send from thy paradise on high,  
And lead thy weak one home.  
O, Lamb of God, weak, blind and deaf—  
No voice, no speech have I;  
O, hear my prayer, accept my love,  
And all my wants supply.



In Brattleboro', Vt., Oct. 15th, by Rev. James Eastwood, Levi A. Lester of Providence, R. I., to Ada E. Reed of Brattleboro'.

In Philadelphia, Aug. 10th, by Rev. Mr. William Cathcart, Mr. Jeremiah Saxton [a hearing man], to Miss Emma E. Willard, a graduate of the Penn. Institution. Both of P.



In Salisbury City, Mo., Oct. 25th, Adelaide S., wife of Edmund W. Stone, aged 33 years, 8 months. Graduate of Penn. Institution.

In Salisbury City, Mo., Sept. 13th, Lizzie Ellen, daughter of E. W. Stone, aged 5 yrs. 5 mos.

**QUITE NATURAL.**—"Did any of you ever see an elephant's skin?" asked the master of an infant school.

"I have!" shouted a six-year old at the foot of the class.

"Where?" inquired the teacher, amused by his earnestness.

"On the elephant!" was the reply.

Edward C. Stone, son of Rev. C. Stone of the American Asylum at Hartford, has recently been called to take charge of the Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb at Delavan, Wisconsin.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 17, 1868.

Mr. Editor :—The annual meeting for the election of officers of the Philadelphia Deaf-Mute Literary Association was held on the 17th of September last. The following gentlemen were chosen :—

President,—Prof. Thomas J. Trist.

Vice-President,—Mr. William Cullingworth.

Secretary,—Abraham F. Marshall.

Treasurer,—Charles O'Brien.

Auditors,—Thomas S. Roberts, Joseph J. Stevenson, and Joseph Tindall.

Prof. Joseph O. Pyatt delivered a very able lecture on the 12th of November., Subject, "Reformation."

By request of the Association he will deliver a lecture once or twice each month, through the winter, on the same subject.

"Seeds and Sheaves ; or, Words of Scripture : Their History and Fruits. By A. C. Thompson, D. D."

Gould & Lincoln have issued a 12mo. volume of 813 pages, handsomely bound and printed, with the above title.

It is a valuable and interesting book, written in an attractive style, and contains anecdotes and sayings of many eminent Christians, and of the influence of "words in season" on the hearts and lives of various individuals in all countries and in all times.

It is a book which none can read without profit, and which, being composed of *short* essays and anecdotes, is just the book to take up when one has a few spare moments to fill.

We heartily commend it to our readers, and hope for it a wide circulation. The price is \$1.75.

The City Hall Dining Rooms,

C. D. & I. H. PRESHO, Proprietors,

is the most commodious, neatest and best place in BOSTON for Ladies and Gentlemen to dine.

The nicest the market affords served at all hours.

OPEN ON SUNDAYS.

Boston, Dec. 7, 1868.

P. W. PACKARD, Esq. :—

Dear Sir:—I am sorry to inform you, as your paper is about to go to press, that my engagements have been so constant and pressing that it has been morally impossible for me to write out for your paper my lecture before the Christian Association, Nov. 22d last. I feel highly honored by the request of the society for its publication. Should I see a time when I can write it out I will do so and place it at the disposal of the society.

I likewise regret my inability to notice the last annual report of the American Asylum and that of Mr. Engelsmann's Articulating School in New York city.

I visited the latter last winter and was much surprised at the progress of the scholars. I feel a great interest in the success of this and similar schools. The Hartford report especially required an extended review at my hands, and I did not wish to undertake the task without I could find the time to do full justice to all the questions involved.

Yours truly,

AMOS SMITH.

**GUILT.**—Guilt is that which quells the courage of the bold, ties the tongue of the eloquent, and makes greatness itself sneak and lurk.

For the Republican.

Messrs. Editors: It was our good fortune on last Saturday Evening, at the North Presbyterian Church in this City, to witness the nuptials of Mr. Chester Kellogg, and Miss Aleseph Witham, former pupils of the Iowa Institute for the education of the Deaf and Dumb.

The scene was one which no description can faithfully represent, and the emotions there excited cannot be reproduced by any language of ours.

We may, however, be permitted in brief, to state a few of the incidents and impressions of this novel occasion.

Upon previous notice, a large number of persons had gathered at the time and place appointed, when the parties to be united with their attendants made their appearance, and arrayed themselves before their interested witnesses.

The attendants were Messrs. Southwick and Tousley, instructors; and Misses McClure and Mathews, pupils in the Institute.

The Rev. O. O. McLean, in a simple but beautiful ceremony, interpreted by the Principal of the Institute, Prof. Ijams, in the peaceful and impressive language of signs united the silent but happy pair.

The occasion proved the value of the present system of pantomime and gesture, as a medium for the communication of the most sacred and refined thoughts, and indicated the facility with which ideas may be conveyed to those unfortunate "Children of Silence," to whom

"Wisdom is by one entrance quite shut out."

And all who witnessed this ceremony, where were mingled the opposite emotions of sadness and joy, as they caught the changing expressions of intelligence in the faces of those afflicted, yet not unhappy ones, were convinced that

## THE REPORTER.

WEDNESDAY,.....OCTOBER 19, 1859

**ADVERTISERS** will take Particular Notice that Advertisements should be at the office by 9 o'clock on Tuesday mornings of each week, in order to ensure their insertion in the paper of Wednesday following.

### MAN ABOUT TOWN.

**MAN ABOUT TOWN.**—A goodly number of ladies and gentlemen congregated at the Old School Presbyterian Church on Saturday evening last to witness the union in marriage of Mr. Chester H. Kellogg and Miss Aleseph Witham, two deaf mutes and former pupils of the Iowa Institution for the Deaf and Dumb.

The rites of this novel espousal were performed by the Rev. O. O. McLean, and interpreted to the happy couple by Prof. Ijams, in the "Sign-language"—a language as silent as that of the love which it blessed, and to the uninitiated, as little intelligible as the mystic converse of the two blending hearts, which stood in need of no articulated edict to make them spiritually, and forever, one.

The fair brides-maids were Miss Susannah McClure and Miss Elizabeth Mathews, pupils of the Institution; while Mr. Edwin Southwick and Mr. Dwight Tousley, the excellent assistants of Prof. Ijams, officiated as groomsmen.

We learn from Prof. Ijams that Mr. Kellogg has completed a full educational course, partly here and partly in Illinois. His young wife has but partially completed hers, but will hereafter be situated under thorough and affectionate training.

The bride and her maids were simply but tastefully dressed in white, and crowned with wreaths of flowers.

The interesting ceremony closed with music by Hohman upon the melodeon, assisted by a volunteer choir, followed by a few appropriate remarks from Prof. Ijams, the accomplished head of the Institution.